

Daniel King
Bodmin Moor Project Diary
1998 Season

Day One

Barely notice the journey down yesterday, felt like no effort at all. Maybe it was the excitement or maybe something else. Feels like I haven't been away, felt immediately comfortable. New group is a good bunch of people. Was impressed with how hard everyone worked during clearing of backfill. Absents of anthropologist is noticeable, seem to help clarity. Shifted a lot of big stones with Simon, Ash and Patrick, they all worked really hard and well too.

Day Two

Very tired this morning, still the walk to site was refreshing and no effort. Deturfing is such a joy, need a beer.

Day Three

Visit to the Rising Sun, good beer at last.

Day Four

We have been quite lucky with the weather so far, no rain yet but it's coming, I can feel it. Chris T and Christelle set up some flags on the stone row today. Unfortunately they were not placed at every stone (to few flags) somewhat disappointing. If your going to do a job, do it right. People were thinking up analogies for how the flags appeared in the landscape, not wanting to offend anyone I haven't done so.

Day Five

Day off, did nothing, girls gone home, sad.

Day Six

Sure I'm missing some days, it's just not the same.

Day Seven

Still feel unwell, no biscuits, too much wind, what fun and I reckon Mark's a sheep shagger.

Day Eight

Lots of nice hard work. Mark and I have been split up for the duration,

he's now down in the stone circle, apparently energetic banter is not appreciated. Notice odd phenomenon, there is an area above 39 and last years carne excavation where my personal stereo goes haywire. The area affected is really quite specific, I can walk around on top of the hill elsewhere with no effect. I have noted that the stone painting has a rather negative affect on me. I find it intrusive not interesting. Perhaps it's the colours, there not natural, though I wouldn't put money on it. They have the Affect of making walk well away from them.

Day Nine

Abduction, I'm not sure whether it Cliff or not, he never used to fart that loudly in the morning.

Day Ten



Cows Raided turf heap again, bloody persistent buggers destroyed my beautiful creation. I now know why Simon hates them so.

Day Eleven

Even bigger cattle raid, structure 39 turf stack levelled. Lots of squaddies on the hill today who didn't seem to know where they were going, still it gave Ian the chance to eye them up with my bins. Henry was talking in the bar about some rather un-talkative soldier at Westmoor Gate. I didn't have the heart to tell him it was all down to appearances.

Day Twelve

No lost it.

Day Thirteen

Nice wet day off.

Day Fourteen

Not a bad day, just a bit windy. New wall section. Happiness at last.

Day Fifteen

Very wet day right from the start. The wall section was very hard to work on in such conditions. I wonder why anyone would want to live in such a harsh place.

Day Sixteen

Just not enough wind today. No sign of the anthropology team, that was a surprise. It seems that the teams are somewhat more segregated this year.

Day Seventeen

Wet again today, what joy. Poor old Patrick got a bit wet during our interview. Had fun with Jeremy doing my photo, he did moan when I suggested a double exposure in order to get a ghosting affect. Went on to do a quad exposure. If they come out ok they should get across my idea of our transitory nature within the landscape, here one minute gone the next.

Day Eighteen

Final days work today, spent some time with Jeremy again, he thought he had done the shots wrong. I now realise why we archaeologists produce crap diaries in CTs opinion. As

excavators we spend most of our time nose to the ground thinking about the work at hand. We simply don't get the time to look around the site and think about what we are looking at, it's simply left to osmosis, which doesn't work very well. Perhaps a day to explore the site would be in order next year.

Had a great party in our caravan tonight, pleased to see how many people turned up, with notable exception of Mike, Sue and Justin. That's them off my Christmas list. Had a really good time but eventually had to kick them all out after 2am. Will miss everyone when I go home, also sad I will miss Tony.

Day Nineteen

Homeward bound today and probably the worst journey I have ever had on a train. Loads of little boarding school girls on the train being very annoying and childish. Also made the mistake of sitting in the only carriage for smokers on the train. Then to cap it all my life support system failed, I don't know how I made it home without committing murder. There's definitely some days missing that I can't remember [Abduction]